STEVENSON'S LIBRARY

BOOKS THAT HELPED HIM WRITE HIS STORIES ARE IN AMERICA.

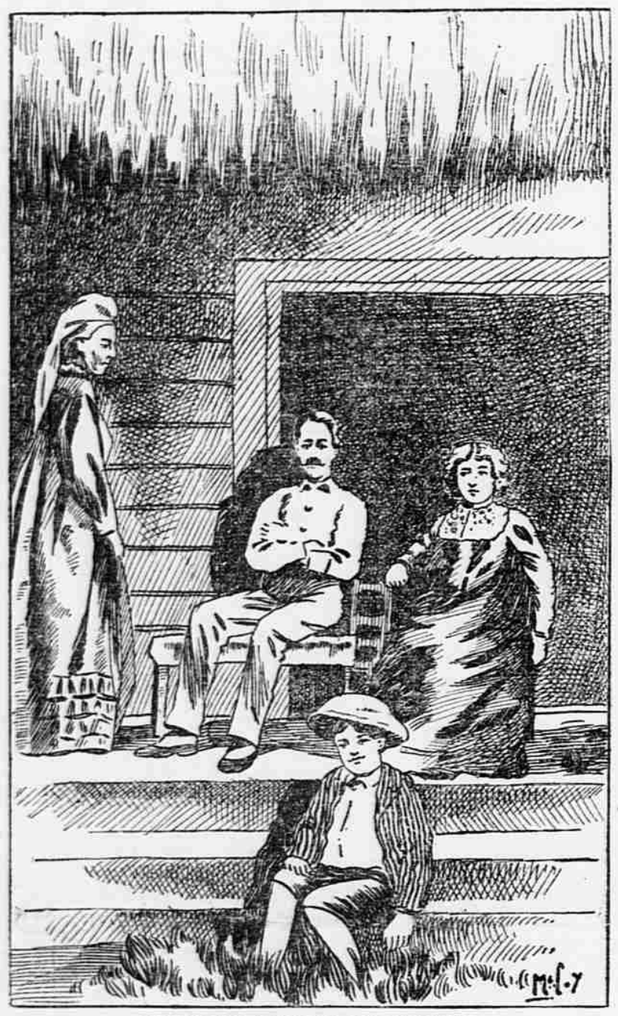
The Great Writer's Library Has Just Arrived In San Francisco With All of His Art Treasures and Other Personal Effects.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Robert Louis Stevenson gathered his household furnishings from the four corners of the globe, as he did the materials for his stories. In his Samoan home at Vailima, Stevenson had assembled a collection of odds and ends that would make glad the heart of a second-hand dealer, and though all these things were not ornamental, they were all useful, each serving the purpose to which it was put by the owner.

These home treasures are now in San Francisco, the Stevenson residence at Vailima having been dismantled because Mrs. Stevenson has decided never to return to that tropical retreat, in which her gifted husband sought restoration to health,which he vainly hoped seclusion and a gentle climate would bring.

So now there remains in Samoa nothing by which to remember "the great story teller," as the natives delighted to call him, except his vacant mansion and the granite-covered tomb, with its inscription chiseled in the native language of the people with whom he spent the closing days of his life and whom he learned to love almost as much as they loved him. That the character of this simple folk impressed his mind and imagination greatly is made manifest by many expressions contained in his letters to Austin Strong, his wife's grandson, who for a time lived in Monterey, this state.



STEVENSON, HIS WIFE AND MOTHER.
(From a photograph never before published.)

A Stevensonian Collection.

Years hence as the fame of Stevenson grows and ripens in the world's esteem, mementoes of his personality will become rare and will be correspondingly prized. Then reference will be made to the fact that in the year 1898 San Francisco was possessed of a Stevensonian collection such as may never again be hoped for by his admirers. Some of these things are worthy of description, and if they could be placed on exhibition here, where is a Stevensonian cult sufficiently enthusiastic and numerous to erect to his memory a simple but appropriate monument, they would attract wide attention. The greater part of the furniture for the home at Vailima was shipped from San Francisco direct, but those things which the novelist regarded as really his own came from his shopping expeditions among the people with whom he from time to time temporarily sojourned. Thus his bookcase was from New York, and he levied on Ceylon for his silver tea service, from which he and his wife partook of their cheering beverage on the porch at Vailima. This service is simple of design, but of sterling worth, and heavy enough to keep the fluid hot until a second cup was needed.

During his stay in Hawaii, Stevenson was the recipient of many tokens of regard from those in authority. He was loaded with presents representing every phase of the country's social and industrial development. These things, including feather fans and such like, are with the consignment of miscellaneous goods that have been consigned to John Lloyd of this city, and that are held by him in trust for Mrs. Stevenson.

In his own home Stevenson was the soul of hospitality. For himself he preferred the simplest articles, but there was nothing too good for his guests. For that reason the apartments intended for his visitors were furnished with every convenience, and the living rooms of his family were equally supplied with creature comforts. To show his consideration for the prejudices and superstitions of the people with whom he was domiciled, he placed in front of his dwelling a graven image, such as he was advised was necessary to insure the friendship and protection of the mysterious powers of the spirit world. This tenderness for the feelings of others is well typified by the brief extract from his profession of faith for the government of his life, which graces the monument to his memory erected in this city, and which reads:

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all on the same grim conditions to keep friends with himself, here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

Stevenson's Library.

But it is in Stevenson's library that his admirers would take the liveliest interest, for they would seek partially to penetrate thus the veil which separates a man's mind from even his most intimate associates. It is quite probable that this test would be disappointing in this instance, because of the wide scope of literature covered by the collection in Mr. Lloyd's possession. It is not complete by any means, but it touches nearly every theme of ancient or modern thought.

What a conglomeration of books Stevenson had in his far-away Vailima, to be sure. These books are stored in a dingy room in the Daniel Meyer building on Pine street, awaiting the return of Mrs. Stevenson, who will come to claim them soon after the new biography of Stevenson is published. This work is being written by Sidney Colvin in London.

It was my privilege to look over Stevenson books the other day and to thumb the cliffs that Stevenson had thumbed in the ardent parts of the world to which he was hurtled by his spirit of adventure or in pursuit of health. His own works are present in abundance, of course, marked with personal notes intelligible only to the writer and never meant for interpretation. Names of persons and places in Samoa often appear on the margins of these volumes. Bayles' dictionary, in its old-fashioned red morocco binding, that has grown nearly black from age and service stains, is prominent. Four or five later glossaries and lexicons and some minor reference books complete that part of the collection. But there is a wealth of stories and biographies. The books are of all sizes and the bindings are in various conditions of preservation, indicating that they were picked up at out of the way places, wherever they chanced to meet with the fancy of the buyer. Like Eugene Field, Stevenson was a book fancier, but he had no fad for original editions, and was never caught paying extravagant prices for rare old tomes. He rather ran to the practical and if he added a book to his shelves it was because he thought it would be of use to him in his calling. In other words, he had no mania for gathering curios, but sought to assemble the necessary and helpful tools for his literary workshop.

Scotch Authors Represented.

It would be unprofitable to attempt a catalogue of Stevenson's library. Suffice it to say that Scotch authors are represented, including Burns, Scott and Campbell. Shakespeare is present in half a dozen forms. Poe is the only eminent American on the list. Beside him rest Carlyle, with Hazlitt,Henrik Ibsen and Charles Lamb for neighbors, and they in turn adjoining Dickens,Keats and Milton. The sprightly "Diary of Pepys" shares a place of honor with the life and letters of Oliver Cromwell. Modern authors were not lightly held by Stevenson, for he was well supplied in this respect. Last, but by no means least, is a plump volume, entitled "Every Man His Own Mechanic," which bears evidence of much handling, especially in the department which treats of boat building, carpentry and wood-joining.

Portraits and Sketches.

There are scores of portraits, photographs and sketches, pen and ink drawings and a few water colors, among them being a picture of the late Judge Timothy H. Reardon, as well as a copy of his "Petrarch." Two rare Hogarths hang awry on the wall of the improvised library in the Meyer building. One is called the "Country Fair" and the other is a banquet scene that bears the title of "A Midnight Argument." As no other artist of importance is represented in this collection it may be inferred that Stevenson was partial to Hogarth. These two pictures are of undoubted authenticity and may be of considerable value. Probably no author of recent times has had his features limned by as many artists as had Stevenson during the years of his popularity before his years of semi-hermitage in the Southern sea. Quite a number of these productions are with the library.

Voluminous manuscripts are stored with the books, some of them being the original drafts of books and poems now familiar to the reading world, and none more precious, probably, than these lines of Stevenson called the "Requiem," as they appear in his published works:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig me a grave and let me die.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

There is an important group of islands in the southern seas—the second to the left after leaving San Francisco—made worth a visit because Stevenson's grave is there, wrote Richard Le Gallienne.

MISS GRIFFIN KISSED DEPEW.

Young Woman Impulsively Embraced Him at a Lenox Bazar—It Was the Auctioneer's Fee.

Pittsfield, Mass., Special to the New York World.
Hobson, n. a., kiss.
Hobsonized, v. a., kissed by a pretty girl.
—Chauncey M. Depew's Bright Lexicon.

"I was Hobsonized up here. She was a mighty pretty girl, too, and I immensely liked the experience."

So said Chauncey M. Depew, so widely celebrated for running a railroad before breakfast, dabbling in politics at noon and telling stories after dinner. Dr. Depew was writing telegrams in the Lenox postoffice on Sunday and interrupted himself long enough to describe the delightful thrill he felt when Miss Jennie Griffin pressed a Hobson on his eloquent, poetic lips, then, necessarily, dumb.

For it was Miss Griffin who by this single impulsive act has won a fame as lasting and clear to Lenox as is the fame of the St. Louis girl who kissed the brave Hobson. Miss Griffin is 16 years old, and to describe her it is enough to repeat Dr. Depew's words: "A mighty pretty girl, too." For who knows a pretty girl when he sees one better than the gallant Dr. Depew?

Miss Griffin is the daughter of William Griffin, of Elm Court farm. She is a freshman, or a freshgirl, if you please, in the Lenox high school. Bright, vivacious, no party is complete without her.

It was at— But let Dr. Depew tell of the delightful incident:

"Miss Leila Vanderbilt Sloan's circle of King's Daughters had a bazar yesterday," said Mr. Depew, looking as pleased as a boy who has broken into the preserve closet and escaped punishment. "It was for the benefit of suffering soldiers. Some one had carved a ship, or what is accepted as a ship, in Lenox, and there was a natural difficulty in selling the ship. It was suggested that I auction off the alleged ship, and of course, in the cause, I was glad to do so.

"I had just said, 'Going, going, gone to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for $100,' when this very pretty girl was so pleased by my success as an auctioneer that she walked right up, threw her arms around my neck and kissed me before the entire assembly."

Mr. Depew was silent. Like the boy who had stolen the jam the memory of the sweets overpowered him.

A Matrimonial Venture.—Blinkers—"Hello, Winkers; I hear you married a woman with an independent fortune." Winkers (sadly)—"N-o; I married a fortune with an independent woman."—New York Weekly.

A BISHOP'S TRAMP

HE TRAVELED INCOG AND ON FOOT NEARLY 300 MILES.

Slept in Barns and Schoolhouses Like a Professional Hobo and Got His Meals Wherever He Could—His Experience.

From the New York World.

An old man, white-bearded, walking on the lonely mountain roads in coarse and dusty apparel, with a staff and knapsack—that is the picture.

He has walked from Martinsburg to Romney, in West Virginia; then he has crossed the Blue Ridge, descending to Grafton, and is coming down the long valley of the Cumberland. He stops frequently to rest and perhaps to bathe his face, now black with sweat and dust, in the cold water of the mountain brooks.

Often he lays his knapsack in the deep grass beside the highway and lies down to sleep under the broad dome of heaven. In a little while he rises, eats a crust of bread, lifts his knapsack to his shoulders and trudges on at a smart pace. A traveler in a wagon overtakes him shortly. He looks curiously at the lonely and venerable figure, then he pulls up and asks:

"Goin' far?"

"To Washington," says the old gentleman.

"Gol!" says the man in the wagon, "that's a long way off. It's rather tough fer a man o' your age to be walking along the road this way. Can ye work?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"The man at that little store down yonder in the valley wants a hand. Better go down an' see him. You seem to have a good education an' I wouldn't wonder if you could git the job. Git in an' ride?"

"No, thank you, I'd rather walk."

Then the man drives on with a look of surprise and pity.

Night comes by and by, and then the old gentleman turns in at the first gate to ask for shelter.

Like a Medieval Romance.

This venerable man walking along the highways in the livery of destitution, breaking bread with the lowly and giving them good counsel as did the great prophet of Nazareth in Galilee, is the Right Rev. Leighton Coleman, bishop of Delaware, and one of the great men of the Episcopal church.

The story of his wandering unknown among the poor is like a romance of the middle ages. There is in it the picturesque figure of Lear and the mystery of the Black Prince in "Ivanhoe."

He went primarily for rest—the rest that comes from adventure, from the changing phases of the country road, from the quiet of the woods, from the vitalizing touch of nature. The weary millions in our country, to whom the problem of rest is one that has much of life or death in it would do well to consider the unique plan of the good bishop. For, mind you, he has never suffered a pain or an ache in all his life, save that of an inflamed eye. Hale and hearty and 61 years old, and walking 25 miles in ten and one-half days, is a record to envy, taken altogether.

A fair was in progress on the ample grounds of Bishopstead, his ivy-covered home in Washington, when I called there Thursday afternoon. Pretty girls in white dresses were serving cream and cake under the trees. The good people of the parish thronged the lawn and halls of the old mansion. The bishop took me aside to one of the tables covered with snowy linen under a tree.

He Went in Disguise.

"This traveling in old clothes is no new story with me," he said, "I've done it for years more or less. You see, if they knew me it would spoil it all. People are apt to play a part in the presence of a clergyman. They don't show you their hearts, and I want to see them as they are. It's a help to me. There are three other good reasons why I travel incognito.

"First—Most men I meet wouldn't know what a bishop was.

"Second—If they did know they'd think I was lying.

"Third—They wouldn't have as good an opinion of a bishop as they had before.

"I may say further that I go in strange places because I don't wish to meet any one I know who might be shocked by my appearance.

"I have just done ten and a half days of actual walking," he continued, stroking his white beard, "and covered 25 miles. You see, I was a champion walker as a boy. Loved it and held two records in a small athletic club in Philadelphia. I suppose to some men it would look like hardship. I remember a night in my last trip—indeed, a number of them for that matter—that had more adventure than comfort in them. I had traveled all day, and—well, I suppose I was not beautiful. The dust of the road was on me, and I was tired. It had come very dark, and the first house I came to I asked for shelter. It was a country tavern that stood back from the road a bit. The man was just locking his doors. He looked me over a moment.

"'No,' he said, 'I'm full up.'

"'Can't you let me sleep on the floor?' I asked. 'I've traveled a long way and am very tired.'

"'No; I'm 'fraid not.'

"'Is there no place where I can get lodging near here?' I inquired.

"'Mebbe,' he answered, ''bout a half mile down the road—mebbe they'll take ye.'

Weird Night Walk.

"I walked on in the dark that had now grown thicker. A long way on I came to a farm house. The lights were out and the noisy silence of the summer night had fallen on the house. Every living thing was asleep, but the crickets and me. I stood a moment at the gate hesitating, listening; suddenly a pack of dogs came out at me barking fiercely. Then I made off as fast as my legs would carry me. I presume those people were peering out of the windows into the gloomy night with fearful thoughts of burglars. Well, I went on, scarcely able to see the road I was following. In the middle of the night I came to an old schoolhouse. I could tell it was a schoolhouse by the look of it after I had walked around the windows. I tried them one by one, and finally found a blind that swung open. I could tell by feeling that the lower part of the sash was gone.

Lodging in a Lonely Schoolhouse.

"The window was a foot or so above my head, and how was I to get in? Well, I found a rail, and, bracing it against the sill and the ground, climbed up and in. The smell greeted me that one always finds in a country schoolhouse—the odor of the pine desks and the bread and butter of yesterday. I lay down on the floor of that humble seat of learning as I have lain many a time at school long ago, and dreamed of my boyhood days, with my knapsack for a pillow. I was up and off betimes in the morning, ready for another day's tramp. Of course I didn't rest as I would have rested in my own bed, but, you see, I could lie down in the grass in some shady part of the roadside and make up for lost time.

Bishop Coleman, as he looked during his two weeks' tramp.

"Another night I had a more remarkable adventure. I had been unable to find a place to lay my head, and some time after came to an old barn that I supposed to be deserted. A man stood in the doorway, however. He asked me what I wanted. I told him I was looking for a place to stay. After a moment's parley he said I could lie on the hay if I wished to. Then I climbed up to the mow and made my bed near an upper door that was open. In the early morning a number of farm girls came back to the barn after cattle. I could see them plainly from where I lay and bunched the hay for a screen about me, and they went away without discovering my presence.

Nights in the Wilderness.

"One night I was walking in the woods. Suddenly I saw some dark, ominous-looking object dodge into the brush ahead of me. I stopped wondering what to do. In a moment I shouted in a loud, deep voice:

"'Who's there?'

"'Me, suh. I don't want nuthin,' suh. I'm waitin' heah,' was the answer.

"It was a big negro, and my voice had seemed to terrify him."

The venerable bishop straightened his stalwart form and roared that "Who's there?" in a sharp crescendo as he told me the story.

The second night out he slept in a woodsman's hut, a number of the children sleeping in the same room. Early next morning the bishop arose, and after a good breakfast of West Virginia hoe cake and bacon was given a lunch to take with him. He stopped at a farmhouse for his dinner and there saw an old-fashioned clock that had not been running for years. Being something of a tinker, the bishop offered to put it in order. He was told to go ahead, and the clock was moved to the back porch, and the spiritual head of the Episcopal church in Delaware busied himself with tinkering until the old clock began to tick with a new lease of life.

In another place he mended a number of umbrellas for a night's lodging, and did it so skillfully that he was invited to stop again if he ever came to that region. A number of nights he slept on the wooded side of the Blue Ridge under the friendly cover of some big tree. Many a time he could have said, as did the man of sorrows, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head."

A Night in a Cabin.

One night he found lodging in the mountains with a man and his wife who had eight children. To his surprise he learned that not one of them could read. He told them that it was wicked; that it was

BISHOP LEIGHTON COLEMAN,
(As He Looks in His Study.)

their duty to send their children to school somewhere. The parents shook their heads and said it would cost too much. Then the good bishop took the only book in the house—the story of "Gulliver's Travels"—and read aloud far into the night, while they all sat listening in open-mouthed wonder.

On his long tramp he wore the oldest clothes he could find in his attic—a wide-brimmed slouch hat, a course, heavy shirt of checked flannel, an old-fashioned cutaway coat and heavy, broad toed shoes. He carried also a staff and knapsack.

Some he met regarded him with curiosity, some with suspicion, some with pity. Some were strangely attracted to him by his gentle voice, his white hair and his kindly face. They begged him to tell his secret, but he put them off with a smile and said it would do them no good to know. One man thought he was a detective, another took him to be a traveling tinker, another a fugitive, but no one guessed he was a clergyman. As his journey proceeded and his clothes grew dirtier and more shabby, he began to fall perceptibly in the estimation of his observers. Then he was repeatedly taken for a common tramp.

Evening of Prayer and Counsel.

His most enjoyable experience was at the home of a mountaineer, where a number of families had assembled for worship one evening. The spirit of the Lord came down upon him in that simple home and he could not keep silence. He led them in prayer and preached the word of God to them, and it is safe to say those simple people will always remember that night.

"What impression do you get from these poor folks of the woods and mountains?" I asked him. "What of them and their life?"

"Oxlike patience," he answered. "A wonderful contentment with hard conditions. No soft beds, no tempting food, no carpets, no love or comprehension of the beautiful, no comfort and yet with it all a kind of happiness."

"To what chiefly do you attribute your rugged health?"

"To my lifelong habit of walking, the best of all exercise, and to the fact that I have never tasted tea, coffee or other stimulants."

The bishop is 61 years of age, and is, even now, a man of powerful physique. In many a place he did hard labor in return for food or lodging. He sawed half a cord of wood for one man and milked a number of cows for another. He carried little money with him on his 225 mile tramp and he had need of less than he carried.

The Bishop's Home.

His home and grounds look like a bit of old England. Back of Bishopstead the trees stand thick to the shore of the Brandywine. It is full of rare paintings, of quaint old clocks, of rare and beautiful books, of an artistic and peaceful atmosphere. He took me through the crowded rooms, stopping frequently to shake hands with somebody or to kiss a rosy little maiden.

"God bless you, my child," he said to one of them, as he stooped and kissed her. "I knew your mother when she was younger than you."

Then he took the hand of an old lady and shook it cordially.

"How good it seems," he said, looking down at her, "to see all these young folks."

Indeed he is one of the kindliest and most lovable of men, and it is hard to understand how any one could have turned him away hungry and empty handed even though he were dressed in tramp's clothing. I suspect he doesn't know himself just why he goes off among the people in the garb of poverty. He is a man with as little vanity and pride as any I have ever met. Isn't he obeying an honorable and a primitive impulse in this wandering of his—the same that stirred in the breast of a greater prophet 1900 years ago? It's the desire to get nearer to nature that grows mighty sometimes in the heart of a true man.

Injustice.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"What did you assault him for?"

"He called me a lobster, your honor."

"Called you a lobster, did he?" What is your business?"

"I've got an alley cleaning contract, your honor."

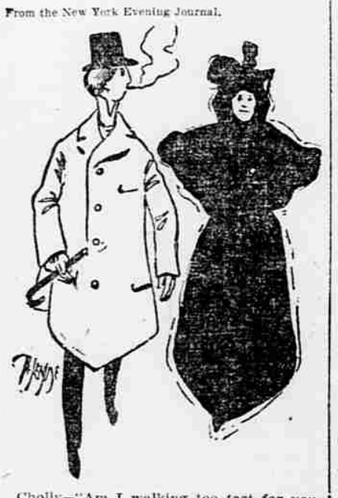
"In this ward?"

"Yes, your honor.'

"That's sufficient. I know how the alleys are cleaned in this ward. The lobster, my friend, is a scavenger of the sea, but he is a good scavenger. You are a scavenger on land and a mighty poor one. The lobster is the one to complain of the comparison, and the fine for striking this boy for calling you a lobster will be $5 and costs. Next!"

Indifference.

From the New York Evening Journal.



Cholly—"Am I walking too fast for you, Miss Wobbins?"

Miss Robbins—"Oh, no. You may run if you like."

EX-QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

HER GIRLHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS DESCRIBED BY A FRIEND.

She Was Known As Plain Lydia Paki Then and Traveled in a Small Open Cart Drawn by Two Natives.

That ex-Queen Liliuokalani was not "born to the purple" is shown by the following furnished the Cleveland Leader by a school friend of the queen:

"It was as Lydia Paki that Liliuokalani grew up in Honolulu, and it was by that name that she was married to John O. Dominis. When her brother ascended the throne she became a princess and blossomed into the royal Lilian Kalani.

"When I first knew Lydia Paki it was when we were scholars in the royal school of Honolulu. The children of all the foreigners, as the white residents were called, were sent to the school, it being, in fact, the only one worthy of the name in existence in Hawaii at the time.

"Lydia was not a particularly bright scholar, but she did manage to keep up with her class. She showed a special aptitude, however, for music, playing both the piano and guitar and singing in a rather weak, sweet voice. In later years she composed some waltzes, national airs, etc., but they have little merit as musical compositions.

"Lydia went to school in considerable state, being taken there each day in a small open cart drawn by two natives. The cart was low, with four wheels. A seat in the back held two people, while a pole extended in front, on either side of which walked the men who drew the cart. In passing it may be said that these carts were in general use for those who could afford to keep their own carriage,' for few if any horses had been broken to harness, although there were plenty for riding. Behind this vehicle a native servant walked, holding an umbrella over Lydia's head. The cart was left standing in the school yard all day, the servants going back to town, returning in the afternoon. As most of the scholars walked to school, up a hot, dusty, shadeless road from the town, or down an equally hot, dusty, shadeless road from the valley, they were greatly impressed with this 'carriage.'

"It was during Paki's lifetime that Lydia's younger brother, James, went on a visit to the neighboring island of Maui, where he died, the news of his death being brought to Honolulu during the night. Immediately the 'wailing' began, a most unearthly sound by which the natives expressed both joy and sorrow, those who know the different shades of expression saying they can distinguish between the two 'wails,' but to a foreigner who first hears this fearful noise when just awakening from sleep in the middle of the night, there is something terrifying in the sound.

"In accordance with the native custom at that time, Lydia went into mourning—that is, she had her head shaved and front teeth filed in points. Half-mourning, perhaps, it should be said, for the really proper thing would have been to have had her eye teeth knocked out. Thanks to Paki's influence and authority, her mourning did not extend to that disfigurement. She was away from school for about a week, her return being anxiously looked for by her companions, who felt that there was something weird, fantastic and mysterious about such ceremonies. When she returned to school she wore a thick, black veil on her head which successfully concealed her lack of hair, and her front teeth soon grew or rather wore off, even.

"Then the time came when Lydia became engaged to John O. Dominis. This engagement was not at all to the liking of Mrs. Dominis, John's mother. She was a woman who should have lived in a small New England village, for her horizon never enlarged from what it was when she left that small village to go to Honolulu. A notable housekeeper, she kept her large house filled with boarders, but she was a meddlesome gossip, whose biting tongue caused unhappiness to many. To expect her to accept Lydia as a welcome daughter-in-law was out of the question; in fact, there was little expectation of much happiness in Lydia's marriage for those who knew the facts, for not only was there the antagonism of the mother-in-law, but John Dominis himself had been badly brought up. He was inclined even then to be dissipated, and he had associated with the natives until he had imbibed some of their worst traits. By 'natives' in this sense is meant the common, uneducated people, whose influence and whose low morality made them unfit companions for young persons of either sex.

"After Lydia's marriage she went to reside with Mrs. Dominis, and the usual result of trying to mix two totally distinct individualities obtained.

"As a girl the characteristics attributed to Lydia by political enemies were not prominent; on the contrary, it would seem that she was of a timid, modest, retiring disposition. Dignified, yes, for all the Hawaiians possess dignity in a great degree, but ambitious, scheming, obstinate, cruel, certainly no trace of such traits of character was ever seen, and it is difficult for the intimate friends of her youth to realize or believe all the unpleasant things said of her politically and personally."

DREARY SWISS WEDDINGS.

No Bridal Costume, No Congratulations, and All Hasten Away to Work.

From the Madame.

There is something very sad and dreary about a wedding in the canton of Valais. There is no sign of rejoicing, no music, no feasting; not even a day's cessation from the extremely hard work which makes up the daily life—the life of each and every day in this, the hardest, narrowest pulsed of all the Swiss cantons.

At daylight, or rather just before daylight, at day dawn, the bride and groom, and the few necessary witnesses walk soberly—gloomily it always seems to me—to church. There is no marriage garment, no flutter of bridal ribbon, no perfumed flush of bridal flowers. All wear their work-a-day clothes.

The ceremony is briefly—almost sullenly—performed. There are no congratulations. Resignation seems the warmest emotion felt—certainly it is the warmest expression—and it is not expressed warmly. There is not even a nuptial kiss. The bride is not shy. The bridegroom is not exultant. All seem sullen; all depressed.

The priest is paid his scanty fee—the scantiest possible. The depressing, the dreary, the deadly dull function is over. The day has fairly broken now, and all turn away and plod sullenly to their customary back-breaking daily toil.

They must get to their daily work, and get there at once. No delaying work for one five minutes for peasants of Canton Valais. Perhaps both bride and groom feel a little less like work than is their industrious wont, for both have been up even a little earlier than is their cock-crow habit. They must part sharply now, and each off to work. They will meet later at their frugal 11 o'clock diner of apple brandy and pulse soup.

Perhaps there are fewer love marriages among the peasants of Valais than in any other colgn of Europe. Only one brother or sister of each family is allowed to marry, that the scant family patrimony may never be diminished.

A family council, after grave and long cold-blooded consideration, decides which brother or sister shall wed—perpetuate the blood, and hand down the meager wealth. For more than one to wed, for inclination to come flouncing in and take risks, would be improvident, and there is no improvidence in Canton Valais.

They even gamble as they wed and woo—these dumb-numb Swiss sticks—that is, without expense, and when they have nothing better (i. e. more financially profitable) to do.

They do not play for money, nor for tangible goods or chattels. That would be most un-Swiss. They play for prayers.

The day after the play all the losers must go to their village church and pray earnestly for the souls of those who have won.

The Polar Bear.

From the Bachelor of Arts.

A Frenchman went to an American and said to him: "What does a polar bear do?"

The American answered: "What does a polar bear do? I don't know. Why, he sits on the ice."

"Sits on zee ice?"

"Yes," said the American. "There is nothing else to sit on."

"Vell, vat he do, too?"

"What does he also do? Why, he eats fish."

"Eats fish; sits on ze ice and eats fish? Then I not accept."

"Why, what do you mean? You don't accept. What do you mean?"

"Oh, non, non, I does not accept. I was invited to be the polar bear to a funeral."

Tom Innit—"What did that telephone girl say to you when she broke the engagement?" Jack Potts—"Ring off."—Judge.

THE TOWN OF ZANGWILL.

How the Little Place Came to Be Given the Name of the Famous Author.

From the Bookman.

Mr. Zangwill has received a clipping from the Jewish Chronicle which greatly amused him. It appears that some curiosity had been aroused about a little town in the West, which goes by the name of "Zangwill," and the clipping referred to contains a letter from a correspondent in response to inquiries on the subject. We obtained Mr. Zangwill's permission to copy this letter, which runs as follows:

Your request to give the readers of the Jewish Chronicle some information about the rise and progress of the little town of Zangwill reached me in Kansas City. The little town is situate on a ranch in Oklahoma Territory.

It is fourteen miles from a railroad town and is surrounded by alternating bodies of land covered by heavy forest trees and beautiful rolling prairie lands.

Up to September 16, 1893, the land upon which Zangwill stands was known as the Cherokee Outlet, or "Cherokee Strip," and was the home of the Indian and all that that implies. Now the whole country is thickly settled by farmers and stockmen.

Zangwill is 30 miles southwest of Kansas City and twenty-four miles southwest of Enid, the county seat of government, of which another brother of mine is the court judge.

I have five brothers and one sister, all of whom are great admirers of Mr. Zangwill's works. When we were deliberating upon a name for our town, I suggested "Zangwill," and my sister at once declared that Zangwill it should be, and all the boys approved. And so we adopted the name, because of all the living writers we enjoy Mr. Zangwill's writings the most.

There are several hundred patrons of the postoffice, and I feel sure it would only have amused Mr. Zangwill if he could have heard the questions the "natives" (I mean the "urbanites") asked; and the ridiculous way in which they first spelled the name. Some complained because we could not find some Christian and American to honor (?), etc., etc.

I do not know if this is what you want, but I assure you that it has been a pleasure to me to answer and endeavor to comply with your request. We are Bohemians and dilettantes over here and cannot write a letter. FRANK W. ANDERSON.

PERSIAN RUG WEAVERS.

How They Make Carpets in the Mountains of Kurdistan—Curious Oriental Customs.

From the New York Tribune.

Persia is a land which interests us principally on account of its beautiful rugs, but one seldom gives much thought to the individuals whose handiwork is so much admired.

The pictures are from a photograph of two Persian women, who are expert rug weavers. It was taken in the mountains of Kurdistan, and is one of a large collection of pictures belonging to the Rev. Mr. Yaroo M. Nessan, a native of Persia. Mr. Nessan is a graduate of the Theological seminary of New York, and he expects soon to return to his native land as a missionary.

Kurdistan is one of the four chief places in Persia for the manufacture of rugs. Its carpets,as they are always called in the East. The weaving or making of these carpets is a business which descends from father to son and from mother to daughter. Different members of the same family often work on one rug, one taking up the pattern where the other left off; this accounts for the irregularity in the design of an Eastern rug,which also vexes the soul of the owner.

The weaver often prefers to work out her own design or begin a new one, rather than to follow that already started.

The many mistakes in the matching of colors is due to the fact that the weaver will replace one kind of wool if it runs short with another as near like it as possible, not taking the trouble of delaying to get the exact shade.

The patterns of Persian carpets are usually geometrical, as opposed to the arabesque designs of the Turkish carpets. The eight pointed star is a favorite design, enlarged and repeated over the whole. There are few patterns—not more than twenty in all, although coloring and borders vary greatly. A rug with a large pattern is comparatively inexpensive, especially if it has a long, loose pile. A fine, short pile, made of fast colors, and equal to a century's wear and tear, is the most desirable kind of a rug,and none are considered to have reached their mellow tint until they are at least ten years old. The dyes must be fast colors, even if they are not warranted to wash. As a matter of fact, if the permanence of the dye is to be tested, this is done by rubbing the rug with a wet cloth when the worthless colors at once come off.

There must be no signs on the wrong side of a rug that darns have been made in it.

The women, particularly the peasants, are rather tall; they have dark eyes, well-formed mouths, small hands and feet, and beautiful, glossy hair, which they arrange with great care and adorn with ornaments of various kinds. The poorer classes use silver and hollow gold orraments. Women of the richer classes load themselves with bracelets and necklaces, and from a long chain worn about the neck depend half a dozen or more little bottles of perfumery, usually attar of rose. Blue, black and auburn are their favorite tints in hair, indigo being used to produce the first dye. Here is the recipe for blue-black hair:

Make a paste of powdered indigo leaves; cover the hair with it for about three hours; upon taking it off the hair appears dark green, but within a short time it turns blue-black. This process of hair-dressing must be repeated about once a month.

As the women of the peasantry affect a bright scarlet for their dress they often present a picturesque appearance.

FOND OF MRS. LOWE

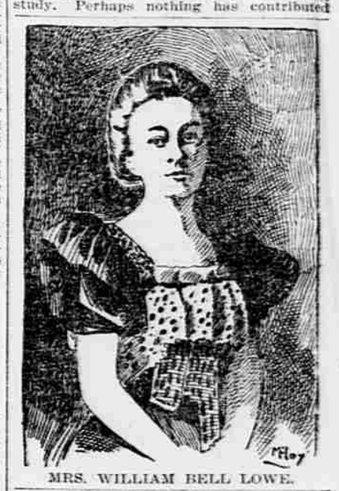
PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

She Is the Third President of the Federation, Which Represents 600,000 Women—What She Has to Say of Her Plans.

From the New York Herald.

The people of the South as a whole, and of Atlanta in particular, are still congratulating themselves over the great compliment paid to the section in the election of Mrs. William Bell Lowe to the high office of president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. This act on the part of the Denver biennial is, indeed, a sign of the times and, more than anything that has happened in late years, has proven that the South is no longer what it was in ante-bellum days, when women opined that "to speak out in meeting" was, if not a sin, at least a very unbecoming thing to do.

The awakening of the Southern woman has been and is still a very interesting study. Perhaps nothing has contributed



MRS. WILLIAM BELL LOWE.

more toward this end than the growth of the club spirit among the women of America. The contagion started in the East and spread rapidly throughout the North and the West. The South was the last section to succumb, and, therefore, the election of a Southern woman to the presidency of the general federation is the more remarkable. Mrs. Lowe herself has only been interested in club work for three years. However, she has given her entire time to it since entering into it and as she is a woman of ability and resources, she has risen to the front with a rapidity that has fairly dazzled the club women of the country.

An Undeveloped Field.

As yet the new president has not announced her plans for the coming two years. In discussing the matter recently she said: "The club movement is so far almost entirely undeveloped in the South, although in almost all the states except Virginia there are a few individual clubs that have entered the federation. Virginia has clubs, but for some reason none of them has as yet entered with us. Very few Southern states have as yet federations, and I hope to be instrumental in changing this condition. It was a desire on the part of the general federation to strengthen this weak section which caused them to give recognition to the South by electing a Southern president. We have a great work to do here and of course it must be done.

"As to a plan of organization," she continued, "I am not yet prepared to say just how we shall proceed. There is a vast field before me to be harvested, but my line of work is not yet developed. Fortunately, press women are all interested in club work, and I am hoping for a great result from their aid in the beginning."

"Do you expect to devote yourself chiefly to the work in the South?" was asked.

"Not by any means," she replied with vehemence. "I shall give the South no more attention than any other section, only I am looking for larger results from this quarter than from any other, because the field is totally unworked. I shall consider the interest of the whole organization in my plans, otherwise I would not be doing my duty as its president.

The South Pleased.

"The South," she added, "is thoroughly appreciative of the recognition given it by the federation, and is giving evidence of this fact by coming into the federation rapidly. In many instances clubs are only waiting to know the details necessary and to understand more thoroughly the significance of the movement. I have no fear but that Southern women will do their part when they understand the requirements. I believe the club movement among women is an evolutionary one, and that sooner or later the awakening will be general. Conditions are changing everywhere and women must meet this changed environment, and the development of the individual in club life is the obvious need of the present."

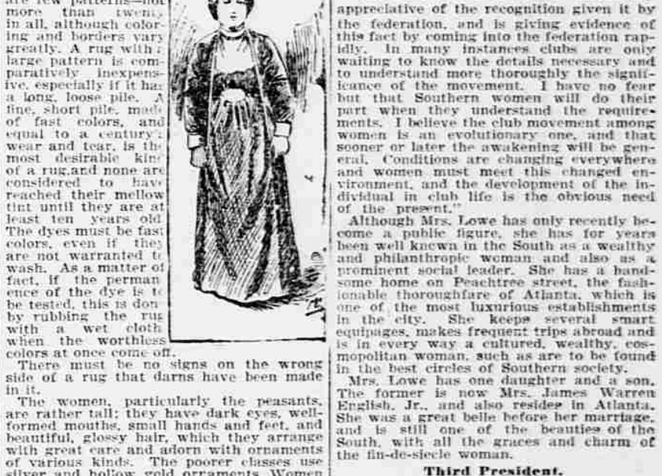
Although Mrs. Lowe has only recently become a public figure, she has for years been well known in the South as a wealthy and philanthropic woman and also as a prominent social leader. She has a handsome home on Peachtree street, the fashionable thoroughfare of Atlanta, which is one of the most luxurious establishments in the city. She keeps several smart equipages, makes frequent trips abroad and is in every way a cultured, wealthy, cosmopolitan woman, such as are to be found in the best circles of Southern society.

Mrs. Lowe has one daughter and a son. The former is now Mrs. James Warren English, Jr., and also resides in Atlanta. She was a great belle before her marriage, and is still one of the beauties of the South, with all the graces and charm of the fin-de-siecle woman.

Third President.

Mrs. Lowe is the third president of the general federation, which, by the way, represents now over 600,000 women. The first president was Charlotte Emerson Brown, the organizer and founder. The second was Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, of Chicago. The fourth, perhaps, may be chosen from some foreign country, for England, India and Australia are so far represented in the federation. If this does happen and it is not outside the range of possibilities, the club women across the seas will be brought into nearer sympathy with their American sisters, and the federation will begin a new era on an even broader platform of international co-operation.

IN A BURMESE CART.



There are conveyances less comfortable and convenient than the light and graceful cart used by Burmans of the better class for road travel. Its lack of springs is, in a measure, atoned for by the position of the axle, behind which the floor of the cart curves up boldly, forming, with a couple of blankets, a capital couch for a long journey. Ordinary cattle are too slow to be driven in these carts, and when a European has occasion to hire one he always stipulates for "trotting bullocks," which can trot a good six miles an hour at their curious, jerky gait, and keep it up, if not overpressed, for half a day on a smooth road. The ladies in the picture are evidently bound for the pagoda or some festive gathering, as witness their jewelry and best clothes, and more obviously the gala trappings of the bright red-bay cattle. The projecting "forecastle" in which the driver squats is often supported by beautifully carved teak brackets, while the bow-shaped crosspiece of the yoke usually carries one of the cleverly carved figures in which the Burmese excel.